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Editor and Publisher

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## The Daily Capital Journal

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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

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### ADVICE TO THE SENATE.

Former President Taft, in a recent statement, gave a piece of sound advice to the United States senate, when he said:

"The League of Nations is very strong with the peoples of Europe. It is growing stronger here. It is going to attract the mass of wage earners and the plain people here as it has abroad.

"The contemptuous scepticism of the senate cloak-room, the cheap sarcasms of the 'old senatorial hand' and the manifest spirit of 'how not to do it' will be poor weapons with which to combat an idealistic campaign for a definite plan for permanent peace and democracy."

In a somewhat similar statement, speaking of the wide-spread desire for a peace federation, Secretary Baker said: "It represents the passionate demand of the man on the street, the simple and unsophisticated, who know little of the intrigues and wiles of statecraft, but who know a very great deal about the suffering and sacrifices that war entails."

There is no longer any doubt as to how the great masses, the majority of the workers and fighters and voters, think about the matter in all the belligerent countries.

Statesmen everywhere who want to retain their prestige or their jobs will do well to take notice and fall into line.

The soldier boys who are coming home broke a rd must be cared for, according to the reconstructionists, might be encouraged to go into politics--and some of them wouldn't need much encouragement at that. There are more good paying political jobs in the country than there were soldiers in our army, and those who fill the places now are intensely patriotic--they say so themselves--and would no doubt be willing to work for a living awhile and let the returned soldiers sign their names to the salary payrolls for a while. We would just like to see the officeholders busy clearing logged-off lands and draining frog ponds--the attractive occupations these same politicians are now so anxious to reward the returning soldier with.

Bolshevism is a sort of political "flu", for which the doctors prescribe three square meals a day and a steady job. Most of the patients, however, rebel against the last part of the prescription.

While feeding Europe to cure bolshevism, it would help matters if the bolshevik leaders could be fed with rat poison.

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

WHALE MEAT.

They tell us now the flesh of whales is good as quail on toast; I've read some soul inspiring tales about whale stew and roast. "The problem of man's food is solved," the scientists confess; "the whale meat diet we've evolved relieves the world's distress." So long we've eaten pork and veal, the diet's growing stale, and we should all elated feel, when gnawing ribs of whale. They're serving whale in fine hotels, boiled, roasted, poached and fried; in fact, the whale is wearing bells, wherever it's been tried. I read and journey, unawares, to days when I was young, when they were booming Belgian hares, and you and I got stung. You may recall those golden days, while dozing in your chairs; then every man set in to raise about a million hares. We heard how they'd supplant the steers, the mutton and the goose; we'd make 10,000 bones a year, if hares we should produce. We raised the hares and when we went to sell them in the mart, the blamed things wouldn't bring a cent--the mem'ry breaks my heart. And so no argument avails, or puts up any ice; you cannot sell me any whales, however low the price.

### WELCOME EVERY ONE.

The state committee of Massachusetts which has in hand the program of welcoming the returning soldiers makes this suggestion to towns and cities throughout the state:

"We suggest that wherever local committees of welcome have not been formed they should be formed at once, in order to make sure that no man arriving shall want for adequate attention."

This recommendation is timely, for in many cases the boys will return to their various towns singly or in twos and threes.

The man arriving alone should not lack for just as warm a welcome, just as open display of his towns-people's pride in him, as is extended to the troop which can parade and thus is certain of public attention. The manifest pride of his fello weitzens will go further toward making a good substantial citizen of him than anything else--although we do not share any fear that the soldier boys will prove anything but good citizens--than any other agency.

The present legislative session is just now in the consolidation stage. They always open that way and sometimes it is pretty hard for the party leaders to line the members up against the abolishing of any good jobs. In the end, however, the political "pull" wins and no commissions or departments are consolidated and no jobs are abolished. Always some new offices are created and a few more of the faithful attached to the state payroll to become wards of the taxpayers.

The road committees are the only thing worth while in the present session. The member who can't bring a paved state highway through his home town will have to sneak back home at night and then get quarantined for the "flu" until the feeling among his constituents dies down.

And a good many of the soldier boys who marched away to war so proudly will come back home just as manly and possessed of as much self-respect and self-reliance as when they went away. They will not especially welcome charity or even sympathy from the professional patriots who are now the most energetic reconstructionists.

The longest drought on record is going to strike this country when only one more state legislature ratifies the prohibition amendment. Joohn Barleycorn is breathing his last dying gasps right now.

Reclaiming land ought to appeal to our soldiers. After seeing the condition of the soil in the war zone, anything drainable or clearable or irrigable in this country would look easy.

The latter-day socialist doctrine seems to be that all armed force is wrong except when Germany weilds it.

The consolidation talk you hear around the legislature never consolidates.

## THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

A FALSE--THEN A TRUE--PEACE PROCLAMATION.

CHAPTER CXXXVIII.

Ruth was quietly working, one morning not long after Brian had been decorated when the sirens and tug whistles began to blow; when all the bells in New York pealed out the news which quickly spread to all the business houses: that peace had come. War was over!

Like the other houses, Mandel closed his store for the day. He and Ruth called up Mrs. Clayborne, asked her to meet them, and then went to one of the gay restaurants to watch the hilarity, and to join in the gladness the news had brought.

All of them put aside all personal feeling save that of happiness for country; and the lives which would be saved by this early peace (Early as far as America was concerned.)

Mandel took them home in his car when they tired of the confusion in the restaurant, driving them thru the streets where the crowd had not made going impossible. All that evening Ruth and her aunt talked of the wonderful news, of what it would mean to the country, to them, and to others.

"We will have to go right on giving and working for some time," Mrs. Clayborne remarked. "It will cost a lot to bring the wounded home and care for them; and for ships to bring the troops back. We must not think that we have done enough because there will be peace, after a little; we will have to keep right on for a year or two at least."

"We will be willing too!" Ruth rejoined, her voice gay with happiness.

Brian was coming. That thought had been with her every moment since she first understood what the sirens were trying to tell the people. That Brian was coming had added to her gladness that the horrible war was over that the murder of brave men, innocent women and children, would stop.

Then came a doubt of the authenticity of the news. Then it was denied. People who had exhausted their emotions when the false news came, went

about depressed, some almost discouraged. Ruth could scarcely keep still a moment. She bought every paper she could get so that she might read the latest news. Never had days seemed so long. The Sunday following was interminable.

Monday came, and with it also came the ratified news of peace. Another wild wave of enthusiasm swept the country. Yet something of the spontaneity of the first celebration was missing. But a quiet happiness had taken its place in the hearts of the more reserved of the population.

Ruth was one of these. She and her aunt. They talked quietly together at home; refusing to join Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss who were dining out to celebrate.

"I don't feel in the mood tonight," had been Ruth's remark, when her aunt left the decision with her. "Unless you care to go, I would rather remain quietly at home. I seem to have exhausted my desire for noise on the false report."

"Aunt Louise," Ruth continued, after a time, "I wonder if you have for given me for marrying Brian?"

"Why--of course," Mrs. Clayborne had flushed a little, and hesitated. Not that she still felt as at first toward him, but that Ruth had referred to it.

"I hope so. It would make me happier than anything (except having him back) to know you two were good friends. You will stay with us?"

Ruth had put the question calmly, but her heart was beating fast. She would know by her aunt's reply whether she had really forgiven her.

"Yes--and no. There don't look so disappointed. I will promise to spend half of my time with you. I shall expect you and Brian to come to me occasionally, and to let me have the baby often."

Ruth was content. Her aunt had said "you and Brian." That she included him showed that she was at least resigned. How Ruth scanned the papers now for news of which regiments and companies were to be the first to come back. She longed inexpressibly for her husband; she wanted her boy's father. Then, one day, she heard. He was to come soon; just how soon she could not tell, but within the month.

Now her song was always a biting one. But the words were ever the same: "Brian is coming! Brian is coming!" Her aunt, hearing smiled and declar-

## KERENSKY QUIETLY WRITES BOOKS NOW

Former Dictator Of Russia Leads Uneventful Life In London Friend's Home.

By Edwin Hallinger

(United Press Staff Correspondent.)  
London, Dec. 26.--(By Mail.)--Alexander Kerensky, former dictator of Russia, is living quietly in the home of a friend on Cambridge Stairs Terrace, by Regent Park, in London.

In his little study, which he occupies a large part of the day, he is preparing memoirs, re-reading and re-studying documents which once represented the destiny of Russia, and dictating to his Russian stenographer, who can write shorthand in four languages.

Kerensky has just finished a book on the Korniloff mutiny.

He seldom goes outside his friend's beautiful, cozy little house. Once every day he walks alone through the winding, graveled paths of Regent park just across the road.

He likes music, plays the piano fairly well, and sings. He knows by heart an enormous volume of Russian vocal mu-

### A WORKING GIRL'S LIFE

Day in and day out, month after month, she toils. Often she is the breadwinner of the family and must work that others may live. Rain or shine, warm or cold, she must be at her place of employment on time. A great majority of such girls are on their feet from morning until night, and symptoms of female troubles are early manifested by weak and aching backs, dragging-down pains, headaches and nervousness. Such girls are asked to try this most successful of all remedies for women's ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for more than forty years has been giving girls strength to do their work.

ed that if he didn't hurry, Ruth would look so young he wouldn't know her. Happiness had brought back the youthfulness, the smiles, the dimples.

Then there came word he had sailed. This time not "over there" but "over here."

To Be Continued.

## Influenza! La Grippe!

Come without warning--travel in epidemics--dangerous and treacherous if neglected.

La grippe frequently affects the lungs and develops a persistent wearing cough, which neglected, is foregoing alike to old and young.

**Foley's Honey and Tar** spreads warmth and comfort, soothing the inflamed rasping surfaces, easing tightness of the chest, loosening the cough, helping to raise and discharge phlegm without exhausting effort. It is also good for tickling throat, hoarseness, bronchial coughs, night coughs and chronic coughs of elderly people.



"After having an attack of la grippe, it left me with a severe cough, and I tried everything. I lost in weight and got so thin that it looked as though I would never get well. I tried Foley's Honey and Tar and two bottles cured me. I am now well and back to my normal weight." F. G. Prevo, Bedford, Indiana.

FOR SALE BY

J. C. PERRY, 115 S. Commercial St.

He is a man of remarkable personality. He has a smile that wins you at first meeting, a real, friendly-like smile that convinces you right away he is interested in you. He is direct and unaffected. He talks immediately to the point, like an American business man, without flourish.

He has a wonderful reserve power. His face is sensitive and extremely expressive. He can look the most de-lightfully amused one moment and the next the most tremendously sober. Like most leaders of men, he focuses his mind completely upon each separate incident, and never allows his perception of the present instant to be clouded by hang-over impressions from the past.

It is an exquisite little room, this second-floor parlor, finished in gray, with a monster white polar bear rug on middle of the floor, several big gray upholstered cushiony arm-chairs, and a wonderful couch into which you sink as into a feather bed when you sit down. One wall is a bank of French windows, through which creep the gray lights of a London day. A fire in a fireplace at one end gives a homey touch to the scene.

James M. Cox, aged 47, was inaugurated governor of Ohio Monday for a third term.

A home for aged and dependent lawyers is proposed in a bill introduced in the California legislature.



## Safety First!

One of the features of the ROBINSON ELECTRIC BLANKET is the one which absolutely controls the heat so that it does not rise to a dangerous temperature.

The ROBINSON ELECTRIC BLANKET is absolutely inherent in its regulation of heat, it has no automatic or working parts. It may be used on alternating or direct current circuits.

The blanket is so constructed that there can be no shock and so that a "short circuit" is impossible if the instructions attached to each blanket is followed. The heating element has an area of 4 feet by 6 feet, or 24 square feet, and is scientifically designed.

A neat durable switch is installed on the cord. The switch is notched so that by feeling the top of the switch you can tell in the dark when heat is on or if it is off. Nine feet of standard lamp cord and a suitable attachment plug to screw into a lamp socket, it attached to each blanket.

For further information Phone 85.

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